Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed.*

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke, and that ſhall be diuulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With ſo eternall and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greeke, as much I do *Creſſid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That ſleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VVere it a Caſke compoſ'd by *Vulcans* skill
My ſword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtringd in Maſſe by the almighty ſunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his diſcent,
Then ſhall my prompted ſword, falling on *Diomed.*

Ther: Heele ticle it for his concupie.

Troy: O *Creſſid*, O falſe *Creſſid*, falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all vntruthes ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ: O containe your ſelfe,
Your paſſion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas.*

Aene: I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy:
Aiax your guard ſtayes to conduct you home.

Troy: Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vliſ. Ile bring you to the gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troyl. Eeneas and Vliſſes.

Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter